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THE HISTORY OF THE CAMERONS.

By the EDITOR.

X.

SIR EWEN CAMERON—*Continued*.—REMARKABLE INCIDENTS
IN HIS EARLY CAREER.

LOCHIEL, having returned to Lochaber, found Macdonald of Glengarry and Keppoch willing to join him in the common defence of their properties; and for this purpose they met at Glenturrit, when they agreed to raise their men and meet upon a moor above Aberchalder, a few miles from Fort-Augustus, whenever they heard of the enemy's advance. Lochiel, in the meantime, allowed most of his men to separate and go home, but hearing of the approach of the English sooner than he expected, he determined to march for the place of rendezvous with about four hundred of his followers whom he had still about him, thinking that, by the assistance of Glengarry and Keppoch, he might be able to engage the enemy successfully. On his arrival he was disappointed to find only Keppoch there in terms of the agreement previously come to, and that Glengarry was "walking and discoursing with the English Commander in the very centre of his troops," encamped on the plain below, and numbering 1500 men and several troops of horse. Lochiel

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became exasperated, and expressed his suspicions even of Keppoch's fidelity, with the result that the latter resented the charge by leaving the field and marching his men home.

The English soon after raised their camp and marched for a wood at the end of the Pass of Clunes, where they halted, and their Commander, Colonel Brayn, sent a messenger to Lochiel requesting permission to walk peaceably through his country, assuring him that he had no design of injuring either himself or his people, if he was not provoked by their conduct to attack them. Lochiel was personally in favour of attacking the English in the Pass, where he would have great advantages over them and could keep them until more of his men should arrive from their homes. His leading men strongly advised him against this course, and they were supported in their views by General Drummond, who accompanied Lochiel, with the view, it is said, to command the confederated clans when they met, to prevent disputes among themselves; and Lochiel, unwillingly, gave way to the counsel of his friends. He, however, closely watched the movements of the enemy, who, after encamping for a night at Inverlochry, began a return march to Inverness, neither inflicting nor receiving any injury in the district of Lochaber during their long march there and back.

In consequence of Glengarry's defection on this occasion, Lochiel and he were never afterwards completely reconciled. When the estates of Glengarry were subsequently forfeited, Argyll got a gift of it, and gave it afterwards to Lochiel, who, notwithstanding the old difference, granted it in turn entire to its original owner.* After this Lochiel joined Glencairn's army, and took part in several lively skirmishes between him and the English soldiery in which the young chief and his followers displayed their usual gallantry, but nothing specially remarkable is recorded of them at this period.

In 1654 General Middleton arrived from Holland, and succeeded Glencairn in the command of the King's troops, whereupon he at once wrote to Lochiel as follows :—

"HONOURED SIR,—The King is very sensible of your affection to him, and I am confident how soone he is in a capacity, will liberally reward your services. I doe

* The author of *Lochiel's Memoirs* says, "Argyll's disposition of it to Lochiel is still extant, and is to be seen in the hands of M'Kenzie of Rose-End."

not at all doubt of your constant resolution to prosecute that service vigorously with all your power for the King's interest and your country's honour, and I doe assure you that no man shall be more ready to assist you in anything than, &c.

"TOUNG, March 1654."

(Signed) "JOHN MIDDLETONE.

"P.S.—I expect that you, with your friends, will not fail to come considerably, to join me, as soon as you are advertized by the Earl of Glencairn of his march towards me."

Lochiel soon after joined Middleton "with a full regiment of good men," whom he almost immediately led into action, maintaining their previous renown for intrepidity and courage against the enemy.

By General Monk's tactics, who arrived in the North in April 1654, Middleton's forces were reduced to very severe straits, being hemmed in on all sides, without provisions, and having no garrison or safe place of retreat. They were thus constantly obliged to fight and defend themselves in the open country, occasioning many severe conflicts between them and the English. On these occasions young Lochiel was always to the front, and often signally distinguished himself. "His men seemed to be spirited by his example, and in the end became so hardy and resolute that they despised all danger while he was at their head. There was little blood drawn during that campaign where he was not present, for he chose to be in that part of the army that opposed General Morgan, who, being an active and brave officer, seldom allowed rest to his enemies." Lochiel was thus gaining in reputation every day, becoming almost adored by his trusting followers.

Monk used every means in his power—terrorism or conciliation, as best suited the circumstances—to divide and break up the Highland army, and, having succeeded with many of the other chiefs, he was naturally anxious to secure Lochiel, the most distinguished for bravery and courage of them all. He spared no temptation to bribe him into submission, and made him so many insinuating offers and proposals "that several of his best friends were surprised that he so much as hesitated to accept them. Among others he offered to buy the estate of Glenlui and Locharkaig for him; to pay all his debts; and to give him whatever post in the army he pleased." All this, however, proved ineffectual, and Monk determined to plant a strong garrison at Inver-

loch, in the very heart of the Cameron country, so that Lochiel's estate would thus be entirely at his mercy, or he would force the Chief and his men home to defend it. He succeeded in the latter, for Lochiel, hearing of Monk's intention, marched straight into Lochaber, where he raised additional men, determined to fight the enemy on their way from Inverness, whence, he was informed, they were coming across the country. Meanwhile, however, on the advice of Argyll, who supplied men to pilot them, the English came round by sea, in five ships, and landed safely at Inverloch, in their own boats, with a year's provision and ample materials to construct a fort. Colonel Brayn, who had led the English through the same country the previous year, was appointed Governor of the garrison, which consisted of 2000 effective troops, commanded by the most skilful and resolute officers in Monk's army, and attended by a large following of workmen, servants, their wives and children.

The extensive woods which then abounded in the district furnished the Governor with such plentiful material that, in less than twenty-four hours after landing, he had his troops fully secured against all danger from attack. Lochiel arrived in the neighbourhood next morning, and, having personally reconnoitred the situation from a neighbouring eminence, he satisfied himself of the impossibility of successful attack, and resolved to retire westward to the woods of Achadalew, three miles from the garrison, on the northern shore of Lochiel. Having taken counsel with his friends here, he resolved upon dismissing his men for a few days to enable them to remove their cattle further away from the enemy, and to obtain provisions for themselves, which, in consequence of their long absence, became quite exhausted. He only kept thirty-two young gentlemen and his own servants about him as a body-guard, numbering in all thirty-five, or, as another authority says, thirty-eight persons. He could not have fixed on a more suitable place to await the return of his followers, not only having, where he halted, a means of safe retreat into the wood, in case of a sudden surprise, but having the English garrison so well in view that the smallest party could not be sent out of it without his having timely notice of its proceedings. At the same time, he managed to get spies admitted into the garrison who kept him fully informed of everything that took place,

though by their cunning familiarity with the soldiers, and frank offers of their services in any capacity in which they could be of use, they were never in the least suspected.

Through these emissaries he received private notice that the Governor, encouraged by Lochiel's dismissal of his men, was that very day, the fifth after his arrival, to send out a detachment of 300 men, attended by several workmen, to bring in some fresh provisions, as well as to fell a quantity of old oak trees, which, he was informed, were to be found in great numbers on both sides of Lochiel. Though the Chief was displeased at himself for dismissing so many of his men, yet, pushed on by curiosity, he ascended an eminence, from whence he had a full view of all the enemy's proceedings, and soon after he discovered two ships, full of soldiers, sailing towards the wood, where he and his men were concealed. These vessels, as he afterwards found, each contained an equal number of troops. One of them anchored on his, and the other on the opposite, shore of the Loch. Resolving to have a nearer view, he, under cover of the wood, managed to post himself so near the spot where they landed, that he was able to count them as they drew up, their number being about 140 men, besides officers and workmen with axes and other instruments. Having thus fully satisfied himself, he returned to his friends, and asked their opinion as to what was best to be done, "now that such a party of the enemy had offered their throats to be cut," as he expressed himself. The majority of his party were young men, fiery, hot-headed, full of vigour and courage, and fond of every opportunity of pleasing their brave Chief, whom they almost adored. These youthful spirits, discovering his inclinations, were for attacking the English at once at all hazards; but the few older and more experienced attempted to dissuade him from this by all the arguments they could suggest. They said that the great inequality of their number rendered the attempt mad and ridiculous; that, supposing the enemy to be cowards, yet they were strangers, and the very despair of the impossibility of escaping in a strange country by flight would oblige them to fight desperately for their lives; and, being more than four to one, it would be surprising if they did not surround their assailants and cut them to pieces; but in this particular case the combat would be still more hazardous and desperate, for the enemy

were all choice old troops, hardened and inspirited by long practice and success in war, and commanded by experienced officers, who knew well how to employ these advantages ; that it would be a sufficient proof of their own courage to fight such an enemy upon equal terms ; upon the whole, that their best advice was immediately to dispatch such persons as their Chief should fix upon to call in the assistance of more men, and on the arrival of these to fight when they had a reasonable chance of success on something like equal terms.

A few were present who had served under Montrose, and Lochiel asked their opinion separately, but they declared that they never knew even Montrose to engage under so great a disadvantage as to numbers ; besides, they looked upon this enemy as far superior to any that Montrose ever had occasion to fight ; for, though he seldom fought but where there were some regiments of old soldiers against him, yet the greater portion were generally such as enlisted not out of zeal for the Covenant, but were otherwise forced, and, therefore, not to be compared with veteran troops.

But, notwithstanding all this, Lochiel was so determined that he would not be dissuaded from the hazardous attempt. "Whether impelled by an excess of courage, or by a youthful spirit of emulation (for he had Montrose always in his mouth), it is certain that he never appeared absolutely inexorable but on this occasion." He upbraided his friends as enemies to his and their own glory, in magnifying danger, where, he said, there was so little reason ; and alleged that he had allowed the same enemy to escape on a previous occasion, at the Pass of Clunes, by their advice, when he had an opportunity of cutting them to pieces ; and that, had they been then treated as they ought to have been, and as they deserved, they would neither have had the boldness to fix themselves in the heart of his country nor the insolence to cut down his woods without his leave ; but they should not again have one tree of his without paying for it with their blood ; that if they were not chastised, the Camerons, who were now the only free people within the three Kingdoms, would soon find themselves in a miserable state of servitude, at the mercy of bloody enthusiasts, who had enslaved their country and imbrued their impious hands in the blood of their Sovereign, and

still thirsted for that of his few remaining subjects ; that, however they magnified the enemy's courage, yet it might be remembered by several of those present, that they had oftener than once tried their own with success in conflicts more hazardous ; and, particularly, at Braemar, where he himself defended a pass with a handful against an army of English. He further pleaded, that the enemy, being in absolute security, would be so confounded and stupified by a bold, sudden, and unexpected attack, that they would imagine every tree in the wood a Highlander holding a broad-sword in his hand, and cutting their throats ; that the enemy had no other arms but their heavy muskets, which would be useless after their first fire ; and that it would be the Camerons' own faults if they allowed the English time to fire a second time ; that supposing he and his party should be obliged to retreat, which was really the worst that could happen to them, it was easy for them to retire further into the wood, through which the enemy dare not follow them for fear of ambush ; and even though they should, yet the Highlanders, who were much nimbler, had the neighbouring mountains for security ; that, as to the proposal of sending for more men, they knew that to be impracticable, for those living in the neighbourhood were now in the remote mountains with their cattle, and the rest lived at too great a distance to afford assistance on such short notice ; but that he truly believed there was no need of their aid, for if every one there would undertake to kill his man, which he expected each would do with his shot, he would personally answer for the rest !

Lochiel delivered himself of this oration in such a manner that none of his party made any further opposition to his wish. They all declared that they were ready to march whenever he should command them, though it were to certain destruction, on condition that he and his younger brother Allan, who was yet but a stripling, would agree to absent themselves from danger, as all the hopes of the Clan depended on their safety ; so they entreated him to be prevailed upon in what they urged was so reasonable a request. Lochiel could not patiently listen to the proposal regarding himself, but commanded that his brother, who would not otherwise keep out of the fray, should be bound to a tree ; and, that since he could not spare any of his men, a

little boy, who came accidentally among them, should be left to attend him. These orders were executed ; but the brave youth soon forced the boy to unloose him, and subsequently had the good fortune to save his brother's life.

In the meantime Lochiel's scouts brought him word that the enemy, having continued for a short time where they landed, marched slowly along the shore about half-a-mile in a westward direction, and were now at the village of Achadelew, where they were pillaging the houses and capturing the poultry. Lochiel, judging this, while they were in disorder, the proper moment for attacking them, drew up his men in a long line, one deep, and desired them to march slowly, so as not to disorder themselves, while entangled among the trees, till they came in view of the enemy, and not to fire a shot until they touched the breasts of the enemy with the muzzles of their pieces. About half his men had bows, and were excellent archers. To these he gave similar orders, and mixed them with his musketeers. But his men were too young and too forward to observe the first part of these orders with the necessary exactness. They marched so quick, or rather ran at such a pace, that Lochiel, who, by some accident or other, was obliged to stay a little behind, ran a great risk, before he could overtake them, of being shot from a bush, where one of the enemy lurked ; but his brother Allan luckily came up at the very moment and shot the fellow dead while he had his gun to his eye, levelled directly at Lochiel, who had never observed him.

The English, who, it seems, had been warned in time by some of their own stragglers, were in good order when the Camerons came in view, and they received them somewhat rashly with a general discharge of their muskets, but at such a distance that they did no harm, and the Highlanders were up with them before they could load a second time, pouring their shot into their very bosoms, and killing more than thirty of them on the spot. They then fell on them plying their broadswords with incredible fury. The enemy sustained the shock with great bravery, though with little success.

This manner of fighting was new to them. At first they acted entirely on the defensive, and, by holding their muskets before their foreheads, endeavoured to defend themselves from the terrible blows of the broadsword. But the Highlanders strik-

ing them below, they were soon obliged to change that method. Some of them used their swords, and struck at their enemies with strength and fury, but their blows were mostly ineffectual. The Highlanders received them on their shields, and the mettle and temper of the enemy's blades were so bad that they bent in their hands and became useless, thus exposing them to certain death. Others of them thrust their bayonets into the muzzles of their pieces, as the custom then was, but they were no less unsuccessful, for the more violently they pushed the more firmly their weapons entered and stuck in the Highlanders' leathern targets, and left their users naked and defenceless. Those that clubbed their muskets did more mischief, but fared little better in the end, for, though they made some sure blows, yet the firelocks were at that time so clumsy and heavy that they seldom could recover them for a second stroke; besides, the Highlanders, covering themselves with their targets, generally broke the force of the blow. But the superiority of their numbers gave the enemy such an advantage as to keep the conflict for a long time in suspense. Though their ranks were often pierced, disordered, and broken, yet they as often rallied and returned to the charge, which exceedingly surprised the Highlanders, who were not accustomed to such long and doubtful actions, and it is more than likely that, had the English weapons been equal to the courage of those who wielded them, the Highlanders would have paid dear for their rashness.

But the numbers of the enemy at last decreasing by the slaughter of their best men, they began gradually to give ground, but not to run, for, with their faces to the Camerons, they still kept retreating in a body, though in disorder, and fighting with invincible obstinacy and resolution. But Lochiel, to prevent their escape to their vessel, fell upon the following stratagem:—He commanded two or three of his men to run in advance of the retreating enemy, and from a bush to call out so as to make them imagine that another body of Highlanders was intercepting their retreat. This took so effectually that they stopped, and animated by rage, madness, and despair, they renewed the fight with greater fury than before. They were still superior in numbers to the Camerons by more than half, and wanted nothing but good weapons to make Lochiel repent that he had intercepted their escape. They had no longer any regard for

their own safety, and with their clubbed muskets delivered such strokes as would have brought their enemies to the ground, if they had been aimed with as much discretion as they were forcibly applied. But this served only to hasten their destruction, for, exerting all their strength in giving these ineffectual blows, the sway of their heavy muskets, which generally struck the ground, rendered them unable to recover themselves. The Highlanders made use of the advantage and stabbed them with their dirks or poniards while they were thus bent and defenceless, whereby they quickly diminished their numbers, and forced them again to flee as best they could.

Being thus broken and dispersed, "they fled as fear or chance directed them. The Highlanders pursued with as little judgment. In one place you might have seen five Highlanders engaged with double that number of Englishmen ; and in another, two or three Englishmen defending themselves against twice as many of their enemies." But the greater number made to the shore, where we shall leave them for a moment and follow the young Chief, who in the meantime had a most curious adventure.

He followed a few that fled into the wood, where he killed two or three with his own hand, no one having pursued in that direction but himself. The officer who commanded the invaders also fled in the same direction ; but, concealing himself in a bush, Lochiel did not notice him, and, observing that he was alone, started suddenly out of his lurking-place, attacked Lochiel on his return, and threatening, as he rushed furiously upon him, sword in hand, to revenge the slaughter of his countrymen by the Chief's death. Lochiel, who also had his sword in his hand, received him with equal resolution. "The combat was long and doubtful ; both fought for their lives, and as they were both animated by the same fury and courage, so they seemed to manage their swords with the same dexterity. The English gentleman had by far the advantage in strength and size ; but Lochiel, exceeding him in nimbleness and agility, in the end tripped the sword out of his hand. But he was not allowed to make use of this advantage, for his antagonist, flying upon him with incredible quickness, they closed and wrestled till both fell to the ground in each other's arms. In this posture they struggled and tumbled up and down till they fixed in the channel of a brook, between two straight steep banks, which then, by the drought of summer,

happened to be dry. Here Lochiel was in a most desperate situation, for, being undermost, he was not only crushed under the weight of his antagonist (who was a very big man), but also badly hurt and bruised by the sharp stones in the bed of the rivulet. Their strength was so far spent that neither of them could stir a limb ;" but the Englishman, being uppermost, at last recovered the use of his right hand, seized a dagger that hung at his belt, and made several attempts to stab his adversary, who all the time held him fast ; but the narrowness of the place where they were, and the posture they were in, rendered the execution very difficult and almost impracticable while he was so closely embraced. He, however, made a most violent effort to disengage himself, and in that act he raised his head and stretched his neck, when Lochiel,—who by this time had his hands at liberty—with his left suddenly seized his opponent by the right, and with the other by the collar, and, jumping at his extended throat, which he used to say God put in his mouth, he bit it quite through, and kept such hold of it that he brought away his mouthful ! "This," he said, "was the sweetest bite he ever had in his life !" The reader may imagine in what a state he would be after receiving such a gush of warm blood in the face as naturally flowed from such a wound. However, he soon had an opportunity of washing himself, for, hastening to the shore, he found his men chin-deep in the sea, endeavouring to destroy the remainder of the enemy, who still attempted to recover their vessel, at anchor near the shore ; and, wishing to save the few remaining of the foe after such a victory, he, with great difficulty, staid the fury of his men, and offered quarters, when all, being about thirty-five in number, submitted. The first that delivered his arms was an Irishman, who, having briskly offered his hand to Lochiel, bade him adieu, and ran away with such speed that, though he was hotly pursued, he managed to effect his escape to Inverlochy, three long miles from the village where they first engaged, while he had also the river Lochy to cross before he was in complete safety. It is said of this fellow that, when saying his prayers, "which every soldier in those religious times was obliged to do," remembering the danger from which he had escaped, always put up the petition—"That God, in his mercy, would be pleased to keep him out of the hands of Lochiel and his bloody crew !"

Before the others gave up their arms one of them attempted to shoot Lochiel, who, having by good fortune, observed him while he had his gun to his eye, plunged himself into the sea at the moment when the ungrateful rascal drew the trigger. This the Chief the more easily effected, as he was already chin-deep in the water; but even then his escape was so narrow that a part of the hair from the back of his head was shot away, and the skin a little ruffled by the ball.

After this the Camerons showed no further mercy. They flew upon the enemy like tigers, cutting them to pieces wherever they came at them. In vain did Lochiel interpose his authority; they were deaf to everything but the dictates of fury and revenge. Nor, indeed, did the English, after so manifest a violation of the laws of war, seem to expect anything else, for one of them, whom the Camerons supposed from his dress to be an officer, having got on board the ship, resolved to accomplish what the other had failed in, and that he might take surer aim, he rested his gun upon the side of the vessel. Lochiel noticed him, and, judging that he had no chance of escape "but by ducking, as he did before, kept his eye fixed upon the finger that he had at the trigger. But his foster-brother, who was close by, happening at the same time to take notice of the danger his Chief was in, and preferring his safety to his own, immediately threw himself before him, and received the shot in his mouth and breast. This is perhaps one of the most astonishing instances of affection and love that any age can produce. If fortitude and courage are qualities of so heroic and sublime a nature, what name shall we invent for a noble contempt of life, generously thrown away in preservation of one of a much greater value?" Lochiel immediately revenged the death of this brave youth with his own hand, and, after the utter destruction of the whole party, excepting the Irishman and another man, whom we shall have occasion to mention hereafter, he carried his body three miles on his back, and interred him in the burial-place of his own family, in the most honourable manner he could, in the circumstances, contrive. Lochiel only lost four men, and his devoted foster-brother, who sacrificed his own life to save that of his Chief, during the whole of this remarkable engagement. A few more interesting details connected with it must be left over until our next.

(To be continued.)

A LEGEND OF GIRNIGOE.

TOWARDS the middle of the 17th century the family of Sinclair, who were Earls of Caithness, lived in a castle about two miles from the spot where the town of Wick now stands. This castle, which took its name from the family to whom it belonged, was, from the effects of time, tempest, and siege, rapidly falling into decay, and it was quite evident that it would not be habitable much longer. The inmates of Castle Sinclair, at the time of our tale, were the Earl and Countess of Caithness, a son about five years of age, several domestics, and about two score men-at-arms.

The Countess of Caithness was the daughter of Sir Hugh Oliphant of Oldwick Castle, and had been wedded to the Earl at the early age of eighteen, but not early enough to prevent her from giving her heart to another. Whilst in her father's castle, Sir Dudley Merton, a young English Knight, was cast ashore by a storm upon the coast of Caithness, and was hospitably entertained by Sir Hugh. An intimacy was formed between Sir Dudley and the daughter of his host, which soon ripened into love, but Sir Hugh, though hospitable, was ambitious, and wished to see his daughter some day Countess of Caithness, so that when Sir Dudley asked the hand of the Lady Norna from her father, he was met with a scornful refusal, and ordered at once to leave the castle. The disappointed lover said a sorrowful farewell to the lady, and departed southwards. Soon after, the Earl of Caithness, a stern, morose man, about fifty years of age, sought the Lady Norna's hand in marriage, and much against her will she was wedded to the Earl, and her father's ambitious hopes were fulfilled.

Transported to the Earl's dark and gloomy residence she pined for her first and only love, the young Southron, and until the birth of her son, which took place about a year after her marriage, she lived a melancholy and lonely life. The Earl cared little for his young wife, whom he had married merely to strengthen his power with the family of Oliphant, and her days were spent in a chamber assigned to her, with no company save

that of her little son, William, whom she idolised, and an old man-servant, named Rory Gunn, whom she had brought with her from Oldwick Castle, and who was devotedly attached to his young mistress. The Earl spent most of his time in making forays upon the neighbouring coasts in a large galley which he possessed.

On one occasion he had been absent upon an excursion of this sort for several days, and the Countess was seated at her window in a turret of the castle, watching the sun as it sunk down towards the horizon, when the door of her chamber opened, and gave admission to a young stranger. He was encased in a complete suit of chain armour, which showed off his lithe and sinewy figure to perfection. His head was protected by a steel casque, the vizor of which was raised, exposing a countenance at once manly and good-humoured. The Countess in her pre-occupation had not heard him enter, but on the word "Norna" being pronounced by the stranger, she turned round quickly, and ejaculating "Dudley," fell senseless to the floor. Her little son, who was playing on the floor when Sir Dudley entered, now ran to the aid of his mother, and she soon came to herself, and entreated Sir Dudley to depart from the castle at once, ere the Earl should return. The Knight disregarded her entreaties, and related how he had travelled there alone that he might claim his Norna, and take her to his English home as Lady Merton.

"Sir Dudley," said the Countess, "I am the wedded wife of another man, and nothing more must pass between us. Leave the castle, I beseech you, or the consequences will be terrible."

In the excited state she was in the Countess had not heard the scraping of the galley upon the shingle outside, as it was drawn up on dry land, nor the voices of the rowers as they put away their oars and lowered the mast of the galley. Sir Dudley, moved by her entreaties, was saying farewell to the Countess, and was on his bended knee before her, in the act of kissing her hand, when a heavy step came up the stairs, the door of the chamber flew open, and the Earl entered.

"Ha!" he cried, "so this is the way you take advantage of my absence! By Saint Andrew, you shall not do so again. What, ho! men-at-arms!"

At these words several armed men poured into the chamber,

and stood like statues, awaiting further orders. Sir Dudley had drawn his sword, and was ready to act on the defensive. The Countess had fainted, and was in blissful unconsciousness of what was happening around her, whilst the little boy stood crying beside the prostrate form of his mother.

"Seize that fool," cried the Earl, pointing to Sir Dudley, "and keep him a close prisoner till I have prepared his doom. As for the Countess, I will deal with her."

The men-at-arms dashed at Sir Dudley, who made good play with his sword, and for a few minutes the chamber rung with the clash of steel, but, at length, Sir Dudley's sword was knocked out of his grasp, and he was seized and hurried away, leaving, however, two of his assailants bleeding on the floor.

The Earl then imprisoned his lady in her chamber, of which he kept the key himself. He took his little son out with him upon his excursions in the galley, the lad bidding fair to become as great a pirate as his father. Removed from the gentle care of his mother, he soon forgot all she had taught him, and the Earl became proud of his young cub, as he called him.

Soon after the event narrated here, the Earl procured the services of Queen Mary's architect to plan a new castle for him. The spot chosen for the site of the proposed castle was an immense point of rock called Girnigoe, a little distance from Castle Sinclair, bounded on one side by the open sea, and on the other by a "geo" or deep gully, up which the sea rushed with the speed of a mill-race. The Earl immediately impressed into the work all the retainers upon his property, and the work was commenced by the building of a dungeon on the face of the rock towards the sea. The walls of this prison were nearly a yard thick, and it was entered by a steep and narrow stone staircase, at the foot of which was a deep slit in the wall to admit light to it. To the right was a thick door, which gave immediate access to the dungeon. The interior was lighted also by a loophole in the wall, but the small portion of light which it admitted served only to show the darkness. On the completion of the dungeon, the Earl ordered them to place the unfortunate Sir Dudley in it, and leave him to his fate, whilst they proceeded with the remainder of the castle. Into this hole, therefore, was Sir Dudley thrust, and abandoned to a most terrible death. When he felt the

approach of the grim despoiler, he exerted his remaining strength to scrape with a nail upon the wall of his tomb the words, "1635 NAE HOPE," and these words are still to be seen by the traveller who inspects the ruins of Girnigoe Castle, if he has the courage to descend into the dungeon with a light.

In the course of two or three years, the new castle was finished, and it was far larger and stronger than the old one. The unhappy Countess, who had been a close prisoner in Castle Sinclair ever since the fatal day when she was discovered with her old lover, was now transported to a chamber in Girnigoe Castle.

Amongst other improvements which the architect had introduced into the building of the castle, was a secret staircase leading down through the rock to the sea, and at the bottom of this staircase, in a deep, dark cove, was moored a small boat. This was intended to facilitate the escape of the inmates of the castle, if at any time it should be surrounded by enemies. The Countess's old servant, Rory, who was still retained in the castle, was constantly revolving plans in his head for getting his mistress out of it, and back to Oldwick, where she would gain her father's protection. But the Earl always kept the key of her chamber in his belt, except when food was sent up to her, when it was intrusted for the time to the care of a man-at-arms. At last a brilliant idea struck Rory, and he determined to lose no time in putting it into execution. One evening the Earl was coming downstairs from the top of the turret, where he had been taking a survey of the neighbouring coast, when Rory came up the stairs, and pretending to slip on a step, stumbled against the Earl, nearly knocking him down. Rory instantly recovered himself, and humbly begged pardon for his awkwardness, but in that short minute, when he fell against him, he had managed to abstract the key from the Earl's girdle unnoticed. Giving him a few hearty curses, the Earl went out of the castle and set out in his galley, and Rory knew that he would not return till morning, should he not discover the loss of the key. No time was to be lost; Rory immediately liberated the Countess; and taking her unseen outside the castle, brought her to the secret staircase. Here they descended, and after placing the lady carefully in the stern of the boat, he took the oars, and speedily rowed away from the

castle. The night was dark and cloudy, and the wind was rising fast. The little boat began to pitch wildly about on the crests of the waves. Still Rory kept on rowing, until the wind had increased almost to a gale. His hands were now powerless with exertion, and he let the boat drift as it would. Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning illumined the scene, and exposed to his eyes the form of the Earl's galley, not a hundred yards away, whilst at the same time the Earl himself, who was standing at the helm, observed the boat with Rory and the Countess. Muttering a deep curse, he steered straight for the boat, and watched with a pitiless and malignant eye the remains of the little craft, with his much-wronged wife and her faithful servant, disappear beneath the keel of his galley.

H. R. M.

A CANADIAN FAREWELL TO LORD LORNE.

God bless and prosper thee, Lord Lorne !

Whate'er thy new career
Right well and nobly hast thou borne
Thy princely part while here.

Placed high in this conflicting land
O'er Party's surging roar,
With skilful and impartial hand
Thou hast controlled thine oar.

Succeeding, as thou didst, a chief
Unmatched with us before,
No wonder had'st thou struck a reef
Ere thou had'st reached the shore.

But thou has weathered rocks and tide,
Pleased Colony and Crown,
And filled all Highland hearts with pride
O'er thy well-earned renown.

Return to our beloved Queen,
Receive her thanks with ours,
And give her, what we ne'er shall screen,
Our loyal love in showers.

And thou, too, Princess, still shall reign
In each Canadian heart ;
" Soft winds soon waft thee back again,"
We utter as we part.

God bless you both in heart and home,
Wherever you may dwell.
Our hearts are yours where'er you roam,
And so we say FAREWELL !

WILLIAM MURRAY.

ATHOLE BANK, HAMILTON,
ONTARIO, October 1883.

THE LOWER FISHINGS OF THE NESS.

BY CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, F.S.A., SCOT, M.P.

II.

III. Minor Disputes.—Of old the Coble proprietors acted together in the letting of their fishings. The late H. R. Duff of Muirtown, in 1822, declined concurring with his co-coble brethren, the result being that it was found he could not be compelled to concur.

In course of the Canal operations the river was much interfered with, temporary embankments and channels being necessary. Immense damage was done to the river bed, the dykes, cruives, etc., at the Islands by a sudden and great flood, on the 11th December 1809, carrying from Dochgarroch downwards these temporary embankments, and "fir and forest trees of very great growth cut in the woods of Borlum for Canal purposes." Thomas Davies, residing on the Green of Muirtown; William Hughes, then presently residing at Dochgarroch; and Matthew Davidson, residing at Clachnaharry, were proceeded against, and had some difficulty in arranging with the Heritors, and with Messrs Forbes, Hoggarth, & Co. of Aberdeen, and Mr James Richardson of Perth, their Tacksmen.

The following is part of the complaint of the tacksmen of the fishings :—

"That the petitioners are tacksmen of, and in possession of, the salmon fishings on the River Ness, comprehending the cruive fishing, and fishing by net and coble on and in the island opposite to the lands of Mr Grant of Bught, and which fishing has been supported and upheld principally by means of two extensive dykes forming a bulwark fence on the north and south side of the said island, from the west extremity thereof, and thereby taking the water in a great body off at the west extremity, and discharging it towards, and at the east through the cavities of the said bulwark gradually into the body of the river, and thereby excluding the free access of the salmon westward. That the respondents (Davies, Hughes, and Davidson) sometime ago entered into a contract or agreement with the Commissioners for making the Canal in the County of Inverness, or agents employed by them, for altering the course of the River Ness, running between the lands of Borlum and Dochgarroch, and they accordingly employed a great number of people, and formed a channel principally through the lands of Borlum, under fir and forest trees of very great growth, and about the end of November or beginning of December finished the aqueduct, and closed up the old channel of the river, and introduced the water into this new channel.

That the trees which were cut on the said lands of Borlum, were partly employed in bounding the banks of the aforesaid aqueduct, and closing up the old channel of the River Ness, and the trunks of these trees were left in the channel of the said aqueduct to be disposed of as the elements would direct.

"That on the eleventh day of December last, or some day in that month, a considerable flood came into the River Ness, the consequence of which was that owing to the insufficiency of the aforesaid embankments of the river in the aforesaid situation, the same gave way, and the water carried down not only all the wood used in the embankment, but also the trunks of the aforesaid trees, wantonly and improperly left in the aforesaid aqueduct or channel, and carried along with it the gangways used in the operation, and which was also improperly left after the operation in which they were used, had been finished. That these trunks of trees, logs, and spars of wood, with the stones and shingle in the embankment, and the said gangways having, by the violence of the water been carried down to the lands of the Bught, they received a re-inforcement by breaking the works at the mills of the Bught, all which were thrown on the cruives, dykes, and carries in the aforesaid island, whereby the great dyke separating the south run of water, running along the said island, from the main body of the river, was broke, and an opening of about ten feet made opposite to the west corner of the lands of the Haugh. And the same dyke was broken, and an opening of about forty feet made nearly opposite the bridge on the Altnaskiach Burn, whereby the greatest part of the water in the foresaid run came in torrents in these channels. That another part of the said trunks of trees, logs of wood and timber, gravel and stones that accompanied them, made their way to the north of the said island, and, near to the house therein, broke the dyke dividing the north channel of the river from the main body of it, and made an opening of about ten feet in it. And in like manner broke the said dyke opposite to the cross road separating the Infirmary lands from those of Ballifeary, and the consequence of this was that the body of the water of the said north channel rapidly discharged itself in these places. That besides this the said dykes are daily giving way from the effects of the said body of trunks of trees, logs, wood, and rubbish coming with violence upon them."

IV. *The Lower Heritors and the Dukes of Gordon.*—The contentions twixt these parties lasted over half a century. The fishings belonging to the Castle of Inverness were commonly called the Castle Shot, and of old the Fore Shot. Without going further back than the original Charter of the Castle Lands to the Earl of Huntly in 1509, it is found that the description of these fishings is "*cum piscariis sub Castello de Inverness dictis terris spectan.*" The ordinary and plain significance of the word "sub" is "under," and as the bounds of the Castle were well defined, being surrounded with a wall, it might have been thought the limits of the fishing, viz., *ex adverso* of the river wall, could not be seriously questioned. But this was not to be. In 1724, Alexander, second Duke of Gordon, setting forth that he stood heritably infeft, and seized in "All and Hail the Castle Lands of Inverness, with the fishing under the Castle Wall of Inverness,

lying within the Sheriffdom of Inverness," raised process of declarator against the Heritors of fishings, to have it found and declared that he had the only good and undoubted right to the said fishing under the Castle Wall of Inverness, and that the same extends on the water of Ness the full length of the banks thereof, as the same is meithed and marched by the pursuer's lands above mentioned, and possessed by him and his predecessors past all memory of man, and that the Heritors on the Ness and their predecessors have done wrong in their violent molesting and impeding the pursuer and his tenants from the said fishing under the Castle Wall of Inverness in 1714 and 1715. A lengthened proof took place, in which the Heritors contended at first that the Castle Shot was included in the Charter of 1591, at least that possession had followed; but by the evidence it appearing, that the Heritors had no exclusive possession, and in particular, that in 1688, when the deceased William Mackintosh of Borlum was Bailie to the Duke of Gordon, and living in the Castle of Inverness, he, Borlum, had fished that part of the river under the Castle Wall of Inverness, and that "the entry to the said fishing was from the south end of the Castle Wall, to the end of Bailie Fowler's house, now possessed by Jonathan Thomson, near the Bridge," the Heritors did not contest the matter further, though they thought some of the expressions used in reference to the extent of the Duke's rights, were too vague. The Duke of Gordon got decree with £5 of expenses, and the Heritors having thereafter agreed to lease the Castle Shot for one year, matters stood over for about forty years. In 1766 the war broke out with great violence in the time of Alexander, 4th Duke. First an attempt was made, and processes intent to show that the one year's tack had been continued tacitly, with the view of saddling the Heritors with the arrears of the Castle Shot rent for forty years. This was resisted at once successfully by such of the Heritors of 1766 as were singular successors, and finally with equal success by the heirs of the Heritors of 1724. Next a process was raised in which the Duke, altering the words in his charter from "under the wall of the Castle," to "opposite the wall of the Castle," and for which he was severely called to account, claimed the West bank also of the river, which would have had the effect of destroying the Trot Shot.

The fishing heritors, founded on the ancient charters to the Town by Kings William, Alexander II., and David, whose charters were confirmed by James III. in 1464, and so anxious, it was stated,

"Were our Sovereigns to preserve the privileges of the burgh, particularly the fishings, that in March 1474 King James granted a deed, whereby he appointed a particular miln upon the river to be demolished, as destructive to the Burgh's fishing on that river, and in place of that miln made a grant of his own milns."

They go on to say that,

"The Castle Shot appears to have been originally an encroachment upon the Town's right, but to which it is probable the townspeople at first submitted *ex gratia* for the accommodation and pleasure of the Constable or heritable Governor of the Castle and his family while residing there, and which indulgence has given occasion to the family of Gordon, who held the office of Hereditary Keeper of the Castle, as well as heritable Sheriff of the County of Inverness, to get a grant of this fishings of the Castle Shot, inserted in their charters, posterior to many of the ancient grants of the fishings in general made to the Town of Inverness."

The following reference to the fabrics of the Castle is worthy of preservation :—

"About the year 1724, it is stated, or soon thereafter, the Government thought fit to build a fort where the old Castle stood, which occasioned much stones and rubbish to be thrown down into the river under the Castle wall, and the rebels in the 1745, having taken and blown up that fort, still more rubbish was thereby thrown into the river."

The view of Inverness in Sclezer's work, was probably copied from some work published abroad, and as it shows Cromwell's fort entire, must have been taken twixt the years 1651 and 1661. The Castle there shown is a tall, handsome structure. In Sandby's publication about 1744, a copy of which is in possession of Mr Noble, Inverness, the elevation is quite different, and no doubt depicts the Castle erected in 1724, destroyed 1745-6. At the small cost of two shillings and fourpence, we lately became possessed of a view of Inverness in 1747, wherein the Castle is shown unroofed and dismantled, but a great portion remains, and is much more like the earlier structure shown by Sclezer than the later by Sandby.

In this contest, the Duke was most properly unsuccessful. Again, the Duke attempted to extend his fishing rights *ex adverso* of the Haugh lands, and would thus have the river from the Stone Bridge to the extremity of Wester Haugh, at the spot where once stood the little public-house near the Islands. In

this severely fought action, the Duke was again unsuccessful in every point. The extent of the Castle bounds was well known, being 4 acres, 2 roods, 30 falls Scots measure, its South-West boundary being a line drawn from the present principal entry at the head of Castle Street to the river. Immediately adjoining, and now forming part of the Castle enclosures was the Balloch Hill, belonging to the Town, and having a certain frontage to the river, so the Duke necessarily failed in establishing a right opposite that part. Old views of Inverness show a depression where the Castle and Balloch Hills met, long obliterated; and the cutting out of View Place, and artificial sloping south-westward, has so completely altered the appearance of the Balloch Hill, that it is not now a distinctive object. Latterly the Balloch Hill was used as a horse market. All this locality has been much altered. Anciently, Domesdale Street, afterwards called Castle Street, did not terminate as at present, one branch leading to Culduthel, etc., the other to the Haugh by View Place. Neither did the old Edinburgh Road turn off abruptly as at present from the Culduthel Road. Two at least of the houses at the top of Castle Street on the east side stand on Castle precincts, and the old Edinburgh Road struck off from Castle Street behind those houses, joining the present road near Clay Potts. Adjacent to the Balloch Hill came the two Haughs—Easter and Wester—these being divided by the burn of Altnaskiah. The Duke founded on Charters of 1662 and 1684, wherein, in the list of Castle lands, occurs the word "Haugh," and that they were really, though not nominally, included in the Charter of 1509; but the fishing Heritors, though several decreets were pronounced against them, fought with determination, and proved beyond doubt ultimately that the lands of Haugh were not expressly or by implication included in the original Charter to the Earl of Huntly in 1509, though they surreptitiously found a place among the Castle lands in the Charters of 1662 and 1684, and *de facto* did not belong to the Gordons until long after the date of the Town's Golden Charter of 1591.

The first noted mention regarding Haugh, which appears to have been a six merk land, and to have been possessed along with Knockintinnel and Culcabock, occurs in an instrument of sasine in favour of Alexander Hay of Mains, dated 7th November 1498.

In 1532, William Hay of Mains sold the lands of Haugh to John Grant of Culcabock and of Glenmoriston. Grant's descendant sold Haugh to the Earl of Huntly in exchange for the undoubted Castle lands of Meikle and Little Hilton. Grant's charter to these excambed lands is dated 12th May 1623, and some time thereafter they were, *inter alia*, acquired by the Robertsons of Inshes. The Duke of Gordon had, as these facts were clearly proven, to submit; further discredit being thrown on his Charters of 1662 and 1684, in respect they still comprehended Hilton, though Inshes had been some time in possession, and his charters confirmed by the Crown.

In 1796, the Duke of Gordon sold to David Davidson, first of Cantray, for £10,500, with the exception of the Castle Hill, the last shreds remaining of the great Castle lands, originally a magnificent estate within the parishes of Dalarossie, Dunlichity, Dores, Bona, and Inverness, then belonging to him, viz., Porterfield, parts of Altnaskiah, Haughs, the Castle Shot Fishings, all in the parish of Inverness; Bunachton, in Dores; and Drumboy, in Dunlichity; the present annual pecuniary value of the property belonging to the Gordons in this quarter having dwindled to one penny Scots for the blench superiority of the Castle Hill.

C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH.

DEPARTURE OF AN EMIGRANT SHIP.—The following is a graphic description of a scene at the Pier of Helmsdale in the beginning of January 1841, on the departure of an emigrant ship:—

"As the morning waned, every moment added to the throng that crowded the pier; party after party arrived with their friends, and the whole of the inhabitants of Helmsdale seemed to have assembled to witness the departure. It was a bustling, yet melancholy, sight. The emigrants were taking leave of friends they could never expect to meet again—of a country they could never expect to see. The nervous agitated looks of the men, the short, quick, broken step, the conferences restlessly broken, and as restlessly renewed, all told of the deep agonising feelings they were in vain striving to overcome. The grief of the women was loud and open; clinging to the relatives they parted from, they poured forth, in almost unintelligible ejaculations, their agony at leaving the glens where they were born, and where they hoped to die, mingling in the same breath their blessings and their prayers for those whom, although they could never more see, they could never forget; while the children, stupified and bewildered at the scene around them, clung to their mothers, and wept with them. But the tide served, and the boatmen were impatient. An effort was made to throw some appearance of heartiness and good spirits into the last moments many were to spend on Scottish ground. Hands were wrung, and wrung again; bumpers of whi-ky tossed wildly off amidst cheers and shouts; the women were forced almost fainting into the boats, and the crowd upon the shore burst into a long, loud cheer, in which even the phlegmatic Dutchmen joined; and they were under way, while the poor forsaken dogs stretched their heads after their masters and howled piteously. Again and again was that cheer raised, and responded to from the boat, while bonnets were thrown into the air, handkerchiefs waved, and last words of adieu shouted to the receding shore; while, high above all, the wild notes of the pipe were heard pouring forth that by far the finest of pibroch tunes, '*Cha tile sinn tuillie* (we return no more)."—*Inverness Courier*.

THE ETHICS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

PEASANT PROPRIETARY.

IT is due to the readers of this patriotic magazine to explain that a short absence from home prevents me from sending a consecutive chapter for the present number. In addition to this, the subject matter of it—the component parts of profit, and the *cause* and laws of interest—requires careful examination and extensive reference, as the subjects themselves, and those connected with them, have not only been a great difficulty to all authorities on political economy, but are still unexplained, owing, I think, to not being referred to fundamental natural law.

After the elucidation of the fundamental laws which constitute political economy a science—and the most important of all sciences—practical politics will naturally follow in a subsequent part of these papers; but in the meantime, and as the subject is an urgent one in connection with the Highlands, I would reproduce in these pages the following letter which I addressed to the Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*. The question of paying off the National Debt, and replacing it by a National Land Fund has been for some time the subject of my thoughts, and I am convinced that, socially and financially, its importance cannot be over-estimated:—

THE HIGHLAND CROFTERS.

SIR,—Kindly permit me to make a few remarks which have been suggested by the leading article in your issue of the 2nd August relative to the case of the Highland crofters. Being entirely of your opinion as to the worthlessness of the theories of political economists, I prefer to look at the case of the Highlands as a matter of practical business—a light, indeed, in which the judgment of your Glasgow readers is of the shrewdest and best.

The most striking and instructive fact that has come to light in the evidence taken by the Royal Commission is the contrast between the condition of the freeholders of Orkney and that of crofters and tenant-farmers. There, in the very north of Scotland, exists the same state of comfort and contentment as obtains in these beautiful Channel Islands, our most southerly group. The opening of the Fisheries Exhibition—mainly through the excellent influence of our Royal Princes—may be regarded as a most useful and significant event at the present time, by which the attention of the country is directed to the importance of this national industry, and I observe that one

of the main complaints of the crofters is the want of harbours. Now, in this little island of Guernsey we have a population of freeholders and traders numbering nearly 35,000, or over 1200 to the square mile, and, instead of being "congested," labour is both dear and scarce. Sutherlandshire has a "congested" population of just 12 to the same area, and no harbours. Here we have the best harbour of refuge in the English Channel, built at a cost of over £300,000 by the inhabitants. The amount required was over-subscribed for, and with the balance they built a beautiful market at a cost of £30,000. It is estimated that the average wealth per head of the population is double that of the United Kingdom.

The part of your temperate article to which I desire to direct particular attention is the felt difficulty as to the "remedy." Allow me to quote your remarks on this important subject, not for the purpose of animadversion, but with a view, if possible, to throw a gleam of light upon a very difficult problem. You say:—"Mr Ferguson points for a solution to the few yeomen in Orkney who own their holdings, and have no cares and no grievances. A very pleasant idyllic picture was certainly presented to the Commissioners, which shows us what thrift, and industry, and long possession of small farms with prudence can do. But the State did not buy their farms for these happy Orcadians, and did not supply the stock for them. How are we to provide the crofters of Lewis and Skye with equally free lands, well stocked, and with the same thrift and prudence? It is all very well to say here is the solution, but how is it to be applied? Is the State to buy out the landlords, and give sufficient farms to the crofters, stock the farms for them, and set them agoing rejoicing as small and independent lairds? The working men of the country in that case will have to pay for making the crofters happy and prosperous, and probably working men will ask what have the crofters done that we should so handsomely provide for them. If, on the other hand, the crofters are to pay back the money advanced by the State, the State will become the landlord and the receiver of the rents. What advantage will that be?" Pardon me for saying so, but if you had more faith in the Highlanders you would not think so much of the "hill Difficulty."

I am very much mistaken if the consent of the British workman, to whom you point, and very justly so, as the most interested outside party, is not the easiest part of the business. I should like to feel equally certain about the consent of the House of Lords. The "farmers' friends," who now find that the current of public opinion and feeling is running strongly against them, and seeing that no permanent relief can be extended to agricultural industry without some extensive scheme of finance, are taking the British workman into their confidence, and are acting upon his fears by shedding crocodile tears over him. We do not hear very much about him from that quarter when Afghan, African, and Egyptian wars are to be waged. The twenty millions that were spent on the Afghan wars is more than what may be required to expropriate Highland proprietors *en bloc* for constituting the remnant of the gallant Gaelic race into freeholders. We must therefore ask the British workman if he is equally willing to advance twenty millions, not as a gratuity, but at 3 per cent., on the security of the Highlands. Hard-pressed as the poor fellows have been, the crofters are not much in arrears for rack rents, and, perhaps, less so than large farmers, whilst many of them, I am glad to know, have money on deposit in the banks, which, as well as their labour, they are not free to deposit in a much safer bank—the soil of their country—for fear of confiscation.

The economic law to which you refer in another part of the article, as having brought about the present crisis, does not appear to have affected freeholders. Does

this not prove that it is not an economic but a very wasteful law? The answer comes readily enough to everybody's lips, "It is the rights of property." But in what do these consist? If landlords are supposed to be carrying on a business, the only commercial definition I can give of them is that they are land usurers—a thing that has been hateful to God and man since the world began. By the operation of this economic law sheep-farming paid the landlord better than a peasantry, and now deer forests pay better than farming. Therefore it will pay the proprietors of Lewis (to which island, by the way, Mr Gladstone was so thankful for defending him from the waves of the Atlantic—a piece of good luck which was hardly vouchsafed to the Royal Commissioners) to convert it entirely into a deer forest and grouse moors, and get the population to emigrate. But then its trade with Glasgow would cease, and Stornoway would dwindle down to the size of Ullapool. Under these circumstances to expect that landlords will meet the demand of the crofters by enlarging their holdings is hopeless, and it is equally hopeless to expect that any measure on the lines of the Irish Land Act will meet the case.

Of course, it would be foolish to expect that the crofters could at once by a *coup d'état* be placed in equally comfortable a position with the freeholders of Orkney and the Channel Islands, or that they could get land without paying for it. You are supposing a case which they themselves do not suppose or anticipate. There are crofter-fishermen in the Island of Lewis who are able to pay down for as much land as they care to occupy. The price at which that estate was bought was under ten shillings an acre. Supposing it to have doubled in value, a crofter could have ten acres of moor land for ten pounds, which, by the labour of himself and family, he would in the course of time raise to the value of twenty pounds per acre. It will not pay the capitalist to do it, but it will pay the poor man handsomely if he can call it his own for ever, but not otherwise. The reason is apparent. The capitalist has to pay for adult labour, whereas the labour of the crofter's wife and children is as effective as his own in removing peat banks and clearing the ground of stones. They will be able to stock and improve their own farms if they get what they want—more ground and elbow-room—and in course of time there is no reason why they should not be as comfortable as the freeholders of Orkney.

But in order to accomplish so desirable an object, they must be made freeholders at a quit-rent, after the manner of the Prussian legislation; and, to go on the lines of the British Constitution, it is only necessary to put the ancient prerogative of the Crown in motion by resuming the Highlands as a State domain for the purpose of recolonisation in freehold, after the example of Frederic the Great, father of his country. Why should not we have a Victoria the Great, the mother of her country? Indeed, it would be but a well-deserved tribute of respect to her personal worth to second her well-known affection for the Highlands and to confer freedom upon that portion of her people. Let Caledonia be free! Freedom and security in perpetuity will act like magic, as it has done elsewhere, in calling forth industry and producing thrift. In a condition of freedom the bones and sinews of Highlanders will exert themselves as well in peace as in war, and no better security, in both fields, can the British workman find anywhere, whilst the certain future "unearned increment" will go to reduce his taxes. Nor is it the crofters alone who stand in need of this blessing. The large farmers have had as little security for their capital in improvements as the crofters have had in respect of their labour, and the houses of the former are perhaps as much in want of repairs as those of the latter.

What I should propose to the British workman is to make it a test question at

the next election that a bill for the resumption of the Highlands in the name of the Crown be brought into Parliament, under which the Government should expropriate all landlords except those who farm, or are willing to farm, their estates by means of paid labour, leaving their manorial residences, home farms, and policies to large owners. That a loan bearing 3 per cent. interest be issued to the public as the opening of a general national land fund capable of any expansion that may from time to time be found necessary for enabling farmers to become freeholders of their holdings. If the Highland landlords should stand too much on the validity of their original titles, on examination it may be found that most, if not all of them, are very largely tainted with fraud, force, and high treason.—I am, &c.

Guernsey.

MALCOLM MACKENZIE.

THE NAME RIACH OR REOCH.—In the *Celtic Magazine*, Oct. 1883, is a query about this name. The Gaelic Riabhach means greyish. It was applied to some one, say Donald Macgregor, when he arrived at the age of forty or fifty, to distinguish him from some younger person bearing the same Christian name, and also a Macgregor. In English the name is spelled Riach, Reoch, Reik, Reikie: near Dunkeld a resident there is satisfied with spelling it Rake. Rough (Perthshire) is perhaps the same. The clever and popular writer, Angus B. Reach, was a Riach. Perhaps some of those called Rich belong to this name. What is the best way to spell the name in English? As Riach is nearer Riabhach, it is better than Reoch. When our Scotch names go south across the Border, they suffer many things: the natives there, with a real or a pretended inability to sound *ch* guttural, make it either a *k* or *ch* soft; sometimes they drop it altogether. Thus Tulloch is altered to Tullock and to Tulloh. Kinloch is made Kinlock. Strachan is made Straghan and Strahan. Murdoch is turned into Murdock and Murdo. Rolloch was made Rollock and Rollo. Malloch appears as Mallock. Are the Riachs a clan? This question is asked by your correspondent. The descriptive word Riabhach was used in the same way as Dubh, dark; Donn, brown-haired; Ban, light-haired; Buidhe, light-haired; Gorm, having blue eyes; Mor, More, big, tall; Beag, Begg, short; Kitto, Ciotach, left-handed; Cam, deformed; Borrie, Bodhar, deaf; Glas, grey, pale; Og, young. Several others might be added. When a person lived in a district where all were Macgregors, and many of them named Donald, people got tired of giving a person any more names than his Christian name and his name of description. If he emigrated he might go on with the name of Donald Riach, leaving out his family-name or clan-name of Macgregor. It would be a mistake to suppose that Riach is a clan name. In theory all Macgregors are related to each other. Calling the number of clans twenty, you may have twenty groups of Riachs who are not related to each other. I apologise for making this note so long, and for telling many readers what they knew before. Fragments about Scotch national matters and family-names are read with interest by Scotch-Australians, and in many a Canadian log-house the exile from Lochaber has his youth renewed by the matter in the *Celtic Magazine*. I know that many are very sensitive about remarks made on the spelling of their names. I cheerfully take the risk. I have never observed the name connected with Ireland. "Riabhach" might try to discover in what localities in Scotland the name is found, and put the same on record. My own district is the triangle formed by Dunkeld, the parish of Caputh, and the town of Perth. There are some instances in Perth and at Birnam, but the name is rather rare.

Devonport, Devon.

THOMAS STRATTON, M.D.

A RUN THROUGH CANADA AND THE STATES.

BY KENNETH MACDONALD, F.S.A., Scot.

IX.—CHICAGO.

SHORTLY before reaching Chicago—which we did between eight and nine in the evening—a gentleman decorated with a stout leather strap, on which some fifty or seventy brass checks were strung, asked each passenger to what Hotel he proposed going, and on being told, handed him one of the checks and demanded fifty cents in return. He was the agent of an Omnibus Company in Chicago which carries passengers and their baggage to any of the Hotels in the city, however near or distant, for a uniform charge of half-a-dollar. As things go in Chicago, the charge is not unreasonable, and the arrangement is convenient, especially for strangers. On the advice of my friend, the Inspector, I chose the Grand Pacific Hotel, and when we got into Chicago I handed my baggage check to one of the Hotel Porters, and thus relieved by the admirable system of American railways in dealing with baggage, of all impedimenta, I soon found myself in my room in the Grand Pacific—a large and finely appointed house in the centre of the business portion of the city. On the table lay a history of the great Chicago fire and of the rebuilding of the city, and near the window hung a patent fire escape, consisting apparently of a block and tackle enclosed in a linen or canvas bag, on the outside of which directions for its use were printed. I afterwards ascertained that every bedroom in the house was similarly furnished.

Chicago, the busy, aggressive, prosperous Chicago, is not to be seen by night. A walk through the city after ten o'clock disclosed this much. The men who have made Chicago are not then about. Public Drinking-bars, Singing and Dancing Saloons there are, however, in plenty, and well patronised, too, by all appearance. Poverty and wretchedness manifest their presence as elsewhere. A two hours' walk through the streets disclosed the fact that unless a stranger chooses to go deeper into Chicago night-life than is safe, he will learn little of the city by wandering about

after dark. As I came to this conclusion, the row of Electric lamps in front of the Grand Pacific showed me where my temporary home was, and I made for it. An hour spent in the large entrance hall of the Hotel, studying American Hotel life, and moving about among the two hundred or so guests, who are scattered about in all sorts of attitudes smoking and talking, is much more pleasant, and probably more profitable, than an hour abroad in the streets at night. Right in front is the Hotel office, where the clerks stand behind the counter on which lies the Hotel Register. To the left is the Tobacconist's counter, where a brisk business is being done; and further on the Barber's shop, in front of which is a Hosier's shop, also entered from the Hotel. To the right of the entrance, and inside the Hotel, is a small office where carriages can be hired, and round a corner, and further in on the same side, is a shop where all the newspapers and magazines of the day can be purchased. Liquors can probably be had, but the Bar is not in sight. None of the smokers are drinking—drinking is not a feature of American Hotel life. In the Hall there is a fountain where iced water can be had by turning on a tap. This is occasionally resorted to by the thirsty, but apparently nothing else is drunk. At the Bar counter, had I seen it, I should probably have seen, as I did elsewhere, a few thirsty souls, but they are the minority. The American makes his Hotel his home for the time, and he does not think it his duty to drink there oftener than he would at home. The absurd idea, so common on this side of the Atlantic, that he is bound to drink for "the good of the house," does not seem to occur either to him or his host. I do not say that Americans drink less than we do, probably they do not, for their public drinking bars are numerous, and apparently well patronised, but in their principal hotels the sale of drink is in practice kept apart from the ordinary business of the house, and the guest who wishes to have a drink is expected to go to the Bar for it.

Before going to my bedroom I visited the Reading-room—a large hall on the first floor over the entrance Hall—and looked through that day's Chicago newspapers. American journalism I was not unfamiliar with, but the freedom with which the Chicago editor expresses himself is enough to send a cold shiver down the back of one accustomed to the "pink of propriety"

journalism of Great Britain. A "leading" paragraph in the *Chicago Herald* of that day, referring to a series of evangelical services to be held in a few weeks, said the "regular army" was to be reinforced by eleven hundred clergymen from other parts—that a reconnaissance had been made of Satan's intrenchments, and Chicago had been found the weakest point. Ecclesiastical meetings, of which a considerable number were reported in one of the papers, were dealt with in a manner more amusing to the general reader than to the gentlemen who took part in them. Ministers had just returned from their holidays, and if the reports were to be judged from, reverend gentlemen had a woful tendency to get up in the middle of an anxious discussion on a difficult question of Church policy, and make a speech on the number and size of the fish they had caught on the river or lake near which they had spent their holidays, or on any other subject than the one under discussion.

In the morning one of a series of tramway rides brought me to the Chicago river, where among the crowds of ships, barges, and boats, a little squat-looking steamer—cargo or tug-boat I know not which—presented what I thought at the time a perfect type of the city to which she belonged. She came up the river puffing and snorting and making a noise which, even in the incessant din all around, stood out prominently as the greatest of all; rushing along at a rate which seemed perilous to herself and to the other craft on the river, and yet so skilfully navigated that she left them all behind without injury to herself or them. Such a tub of a thing she was too, no fine lines or attempt at beauty about her, simply an ugly boat with a good engine and boiler inside, and a man in charge who was determined to go ahead. After watching her until she disappeared round a curve in the river, I mentally ejaculated, "Well done, Chicago!"

After a while I found myself near the shore of Lake Michigan, with a net-work of railway lines in front, a canal or dock beyond, and some ten or a dozen Elevators on the other side. To get to the Elevators was my object, and after dodging two or three trains and a number of unattached cars, I managed it. The Elevator is a Warehouse furnished with certain machinery. The machinery is merely a feature of the warehouse, but so important a feature that grain warehouses with an elevating arrangement

are known throughout Canada and the States as "Elevators." The manner in which grain was received and disposed of at the Elevators, had been repeatedly described to me, but it was still somewhat of a mystery, and I wanted to see the system in operation. I selected one of the largest Elevators in the neighbourhood, a building apparently between 120 and 150 feet in height, and on making my wish known to the gentleman in charge, he very courteously took me over the building. It was my good fortune to see a train of grain-laden cars delivering their contents at the Elevator, and a ship being loaded with grain. The cars, which were loaded in bulk, were drawn up in front—a long shoot was lowered from the Elevator into the first car, the machinery inside was set in motion, and in an incredibly short time the car was empty. The other cars were treated in the same way, and in almost less time than it takes to tell it the contents of that train were inside the Elevator. Inside, the grain is first received into a weighing bin, where it is weighed so carefully and accurately that the *shortage* on a train load of grain delivered in bulk at Chicago, after a journey of a thousand miles, is seldom more than a few pounds. From the weighing bin the grain is transferred to immense storage bins, some of which are fifty to sixty feet in depth. There the grain, if in good condition when received, will be kept for the first ten days for a cent and a quarter per bushel, while for each additional ten days, or part of that time, the charge is half-a-cent per bushel. The charge for storing condemned or unmerchantable grain is two cents per bushel for the first ten days, and half-a-cent for each five days or part thereof afterwards. From the middle of November to the middle of April the charge is limited to four cents per bushel, if so much is incurred, so long as the grain remains in good condition.

The delivery of grain from the Elevator is equally expeditious. The ship or car to be loaded is brought to the Elevator, the shoot is lowered, the bins deliver their contents, and the loading is done so expeditiously that a locomotive bringing up a train of empty cars may wait while they are being filled.

It may be said that this system makes no provision for keeping one man's grain apart from another man's. Well, neither it does, but that is of no consequence, so long as the grain in each bin is of one "grade." All grain coming into Chicago is, before

being received into an Elevator, examined by a State Inspector and graded. The best quality is "No. 1," the next, "No. 2;" and grain which is not up to the standard of one of the numbered grades (which in the case of barley run as low as No. 5), is graded as "Rejected." The Certificate of the Inspector is presented at the Elevator, and the grain received and stored in bins, containing, or ready to receive, other grain of the same grade. A purchaser does not see the grain he buys in bulk, nor does he even see a sample. Does he want Wheat, he buys "No. 2 Spring;" Corn, "No. 2 Yellow," and so on; in every case he knows exactly what he has bought, and has no occasion to see it. Upon this system of State Inspection the grain trade of Chicago depends, to the Inspectors Chicago has entrusted her commercial honour, and her success proves that they have faithfully discharged their trust.

Shortly before noon I went to the Board of Trade building with Mr Bird, a member of the Board, to whom I had been at my own request introduced. Mr Bird procured me admission to the portion of the building sacred to members of the Board—a place where no dweller in Chicago other than members may penetrate. It was a long, well-lighted room, in which were perhaps from two to three hundred gentlemen walking about. There were three parts of the room where apparently something more lively than a conversation was being conducted. I went to the nearest of these, and found it something like a square platform with the centre scooped out. Three or four steps led up from the floor along the whole length of its four outward sides, and a similar number of steps led along the whole length of each of its inward sides, down to the floor level, a small square piece of the floor being visible in the centre. On the top and inside steps were a number of men gesticulating in a somewhat lively manner, and addressing each other in tones so loud and emphatic that I at first thought there was a fight. But they were only a few of the Bulls and Bears trying to make or break the market. Down in the centre, on the floor level, was one man who, with his coat over his left arm and his white hat in his left hand, was wielding his right hand, in which he held a few slips of paper, like a pump handle, and crying out as rapidly as he could utter the words, "I sell September," "I sell September," "I sell

September three-eighths ;" and he continued to yell these words until, with the perspiration running down his face and his voice gone, he retired to make room for somebody else who took up the same cry. All this time some fifty others, and sometimes double that number, were standing on the steps and all round on the floor outside yelling, "I sell September," "I sell October," "I sell year ;" or, "I buy September," "I buy October," or, "I buy year," with some fraction added. Occasionally one of the crowd would retire to recruit, but his place was not left vacant for a moment—a fresh comer took up the cry and the fearful din went on undiminished. After a while I sought out my friend to tell me what all this meant. His explanation was that to sell or buy "September" or "October" was to sell or buy grain deliverable at any time during the month named, the particular time being in the option of one of the parties—whether the seller or purchaser I forget. In selling or buying "year," delivery is to be taken before the end of the year, the option being as before. The fraction named in the offer is the fraction of a cent, and is used for brevity, the whole number of cents in the price per bushel being understood ; usually, if not invariably, it is the number of whole cents in the last quoted price. The hours for business in the Board of Trade are from 10 or 11 A.M. till 1 P.M., and transactions entered into during that time have certain privileges in the way of dispensing with formalities which other transactions have not. When a broker wishes to buy, he selects one who is offering to sell for the month in which he wants delivery, looks at him as he yells and holds up his finger, the other stops his cry and holds up his finger too, the buyer says, "How much?" the seller says, "five," "fifty," or "a hundred," as the case may be, according to the quantity he wishes to sell—thousand of bushels being understood. Suppose the seller says "a hundred," and the buyer wants only fifty thousand bushels, the latter says, "I take fifty ;" each makes a note on one of the slips of paper he holds in his hand, and the bargain is closed. A bargain of this kind, to be enforced by the Courts, must have been transacted in Board hours. At any other period of the day a transaction of similar magnitude would require the ordinary legal formalities. When delivery comes to be taken the thing is arranged with equal simplicity. The purchaser hands his cheque

for the price to the seller, and receives in exchange—his grain do you suppose? Not at all,—an Elevator certificate or delivery order is what he obtains. This he gives to the agent of the Railway or Shipping Company which is to carry the grain to his customer in the Eastern States, or to New York, Montreal, or Boston, for shipment to Europe. The Company presents the certificate, gets the grain, and carries it to its destination, and the whole thing is done. Thus without ever seeing the grain purchased, or even a sample of it, the Chicago broker buys in the course of a year hundreds of thousands of bushels of all sorts of grain and ships it to his customers in all parts of the world, without the slightest fear that anything less valuable than he has bought and paid for will be delivered to him. And his confidence is amply justified.

Towards one o'clock the din increases to such an extent that conversation in even the most distant part of the large room could only be carried on by a series of shouts. New comers were constantly arriving and hurrying to one or other of the centres of disturbance, and as if there was not sufficient noise there already, the younger arrivals signalled their arrival by a leap as far into the crowd as they could propel themselves, and a whoop which sounded like a reminiscence of the not long past time when the site of the city was the heritage and possession of the Red Indian. A minute or two after one, the day's transactions are posted up in the Board room, and to one who has seen nothing but gesticulation, and heard nothing but yells of "I sell" and "I buy," their magnitude is a surprise. In the course of the year 1881 Chicago received by rail and ship about one hundred and forty million bushels of various kinds of grain, besides about five million barrels of flour; and its shipments in the same year amounted to over one hundred and thirty million bushels of the former, and over four and a-half million barrels of the latter. In addition to this there is an immense business done in Lumber, Seeds, Hides, Butter, Cheese, Cattle, Sheep, and Hogs—the shipments of Hog Products alone during the year mentioned considerably exceeding one thousand million pounds. When it is remembered that not only is the bulk of this business done in the Board of Trade, but in addition to it a practically incalculable amount of speculative business, which is never represented by receipts or deliveries of anything more substantial than the amount of the wager—that is the difference be-

tween the price at the date of sale and that of delivery, it will readily be understood that during the few hours in each day when regular business is done, the Board of Trade is a lively corner. And it is a lively place. The Paris Bourse is a peaceful retreat compared with the Chicago Board of Trade when there is a "corner in wheat." Yet in the middle of their greatest excitement, they are ever ready for fun. If an unfortunate stranger in the balcony set apart for visitors who are not taken on the floor by a member commits the mistake of throwing himself back on his seat and putting his feet on the railing in front of him (a favourite attitude with Americans) every Broker on the floor forgets business, and turns round to yell "Boots, boots, boo-boo-boots!" until the astonished visitor, who usually has no conception that this is not a part of the mad performance he has been previously watching, either, more by accident than design, shifts the offending members to the floor, or, keeping them too long in the objectionable position, is gently but firmly expelled, for shocking the feelings of the gentlemen beneath. Such is the Chicago Board of Trade as it struck a stranger; but what of Chicago itself? We shall see in our next.

K. M'D.

(To be continued.)

THE LITERATURE OF THE CROFTER QUESTION.—In *Good Words* Sheriff Nicolson gives a graphic sketch of "The Last Cruise of the *Lively*," and we note with special satisfaction the kindly and sympathetic tone in which he speaks of the crofters. Their representatives everywhere, he says, with occasional exceptions, merited the compliment which was paid to their predecessors by Sir John McNeill in 1851, when he reported that they gave their evidence "with a politeness and delicacy of deportment that would have been graceful in any society, and such as, perhaps, no men of their class in any other country could have maintained in similar circumstances." Sheriff Nicolson says "the only persons whom the chairman of the Commission had to admonish anywhere for objectionable expressions were not crofters but educated men." Yet it is this valuable class of the community upon whom a leading Liberal journal [the *Scotsman*] is constantly pouring contempt and scorn, and who are driven to such extremities by the Highland lords of the soil, that there is no alternative for them save starvation or exile. "The Isle of Skye in 1882 and 1883," a new volume by Mr A. Mackenzie, of Inverness, gives a detailed account of evictions in that island which affected directly no fewer than seven hundred families, each, on an average, representing at least five persons, thus making a grand total of more than 3500 souls, not less than two thousand of whom were evicted, during the last half century, from the property of Macleod of Macleod. "What physical misery," exclaims Mr Mackenzie, "what agony of soul, these figures represent, it is impossible even to imagine!" Nor does this exhaust the woeful story; for a terrible amount of suffering has been inflicted, apart altogether from the cases of expatriation, on the hundreds of poor people removed from one portion of the island to another—many of them robbed of their hill pasture, and left to comparative starvation, with their cattle, on wretchedly small and unprofitable patches among the barren rocks on the sea-shore. And all this misery and agony have been inflicted to gratify the inhuman selfishness of some two or three persons, who, by the mere accident of birth, enjoy a power which they could never have otherwise secured for themselves.—*Christian Leader*.

CELTIC MYTHOLOGY.

BY ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A.

VII.—DRUIDISM—(*Continued.*)

SUCH is the history of Druidism in Gaul and early Britain: of its course in Ireland we have no direct information. It is only when Christianity has been long established, and Druidism a thing of the remote past, that we have writers who speak of the Druids; and in their eyes the Druids were but magicians that attended the courts of the pagan kings. The lives of the pioneer saints, Patrick and Columba, are full of contests between themselves and the royal magicians, who are called in the Gaelic *Druid* and in the Latin versions *Magi*. But in all the numerous references to them in Irish chronicles and tales there is no hint given of Druidism being either a system of philosophy or religion: the Druids of Irish story are mere magicians and diviners, sometimes only conjurors. But as such—as magicians—the Druids play a most important part in Irish pagan history, as chronicled by the long posterior Christian writers. From the primæval landing of Partholan with his three Druids, to the days of Columba, we have themselves and the bards exercising magic and divining powers. The second fabled settlers of Ireland, the Nemedians, meet the invading Fomorians with magic spells; but the fairy host of the Tuatha De Dannan are *par excellence* the masters of Druidic art. Their power over the forces of Nature—over sea, wind, and storms—shows them plainly to be only degraded gods, who allow the sons of Miled to land after showing them their power and sovereignty as deities over the island. The kings and chiefs had Druids about them to interpret omens and to work spells; but there is no reference to these Druids being a priestly class, and their power was limited to the functions of mere divination and sorcery. Two of the most famous Druids were Cathbadh, Druid of Conchobar Mac Nessa, the instructor of Cuchulain, who, among many other things, foretells the fate of Deirdre and the sons of Uisnach, even before Deirdre was born; and Mogh Ruith of Munster, who single-handed opposed Cor-

mac and his Druids, and drove them by his magic fire and storm-spells out of Munster. The Druids of King Loegaire oppose St Patrick with their magic arts; one of them causes snow to fall so thickly that men soon find themselves neck-deep in it, and at another time he brings over the land an Egyptian darkness that might be felt. But the saint defeats them, even on their own ground, much as Moses defeats the Egyptian magicians. St Columba, in Adamnan's life of him, is similarly represented as overcoming the spells of the Northern Druids. Broichan, Druid to King Brude, caused such a storm and darkness on Loch-Ness that the navigation appeared impossible, until the saint gave orders that the sails should be unfurled and a start made. Then everything became calm and settled. We are also told in many instances how the Druids worked these spells. A wisp of hay, over which an incantation was made, when cast on a person, caused idiocy and deformity. The Druidic wand plays an important part, a blow from it causing transformations and spells. It must be remarked, too, that the wood used for wands and Druidic rites and fires was not the oak at all, as in Gaul: sacred wood among the Irish Druids would appear to have been the yew, hawthorn, and, more especially, the rowan tree. Divination was an important feature of Druidic accomplishments, and there were various forms of it. Pure Druidic divination sometimes consisted in watching the Druidic fire—how the smoke and flame went. Sometimes the Druid would chew a bit of raw flesh with incantation or "oration" and an invocation to the gods, and then generally the future was revealed to him. Sometimes, if this failed, he had to place his two hands upon his two cheeks and fall into a divine sleep, a method known as "illumination by the palms of the hands." Fionn used to chew his thumb when he wanted any supernatural knowledge. The bards, too, were diviners at times, a fact that would appear to show their ancient connection with the Druids. The bardic divination is known as "illumination by rhymes," when the bard in an ecstatic state pours forth a flood of poetry, at the end of which he brings out the particular fact that is required to be known. Connected with this is the power of poetic satire. If a man refused a gift, the bard could satirise him in such a way that personal injury would result, such as blisters and deformities.

Irish Druidism consists, therefore, merely of magic and divination ; it is not a philosophy, nor a religion, nor a system. It is quite true that we have, at least, an echo now and then of the time when Druidism in Ireland and Scotland was something different, and when even human sacrifices were offered. Columba, in commencing the building of his church at Iona, addressed his followers in words which clearly point to human sacrifice. "It is good for us," says he, "that our roots should go under the earth here ; it is permitted that one of you should go under the clay of this island to hallow it." The story goes on to say that Odran arose readily, and spoke thus : "If thou shouldst take me, I am ready for that." Columba readily accepted his offer, and "then Odran went to heaven, and Columba founded the church of Hi." It is said that a human being was slain at the foundation of Emain, the mythic capital of Ulster ; and in Nennius we have a remarkable story told of King Vortigern. He was trying to build a castle on Snowdon, but somehow, though he gathered ever so much material, every time it was "spirited" away during the night. He sought counsel from his "magi" (the Irish translation calls them Druids), and they told him that he must find a child born without a father, and must put him to death, and sprinkle with his blood the ground where the castle was to stand. Nor is tradition of the present time silent on this matter. It is said that Tigh-a-chnuic, Kilcoy, in the Black Isle, had its foundation consecrated by the slaughter of a stranger who chanced to be passing when the house was to be built, but unfortunately his ghost used to haunt the house until he was able to disburden his woes to somebody, and he then disappeared.

The sum and result of our inquiry into Druidism may be given in the words of Professor Rhys :—"At the time of Cæsar's invasions, they were a powerful class of men, monopolizing the influence of soothsayers, magicians, and priests. But in Gaul, under the faint rays of the civilization of Marseilles and other Mediterranean centres, they seem to have added to their other characters that of philosophers, discoursing to the youths, whose education was entrusted to them, on the stars and their movements, on the world and its countries, on the nature of things, and the power of the gods." Whether the doctrine of the transmigration of souls was really of native origin or borrowed from

the Greeks, must remain an open question. Some think it unlikely that the central doctrine of Druidism should have been derived so late in the history of the nation, or derived at all, from a foreign source, and they appeal to the fact that Britain was the home of Druidism, a country which could have had little intercourse with Marseilles. But in connection with this idea of its British origin, it must be remembered that at a certain stage of culture, nations are apt to consider their neighbours, provided they are in a lower stage of civilization, much more religious than themselves. The Romans always believed the Etrurians to be more versed in religious matters than themselves. So, too, the Gauls probably looked on British Druidism, with its "pristine grimness" of practices, as the source of their own, while in reality their own was doubtless an independent but more enlightened development. Professor Rhys considers Druidism to be of a non-Aryan character, and calls it the religion of the pre-Celtic tribes, from the Baltic to Gibraltar. Now, in what we have left us recorded of Druidism there is absolutely nothing that can be pointed to as non-Aryan. The strong priestly caste presented to us in Cæsar, as divided off from the nobles and the commons, can be somewhat paralleled in the Hinduism of India with its rigidly priestly caste of Brahmans, who monopolised all religious rites. And Brahmanism is an Aryan religion. Among the Gauls, from the superstitious cast of their minds, a priestly class was sure to rise to a position of supreme power. Their human sacrifices can be matched, in some degree, by actual instances of such, and by rites which pointed to them as previously existent, among other Aryan nations, including those of Greece and Rome; only here, as before, the impressionable and superstitious character of the Gauls drove them to greater excesses. The doctrine of the transmigration of the soul is a tenet of both Brahmans and Buddhists, of Aryan India, and it found its classical development in the views of the Greek Pythagoras. The position and fame of the Druids as magicians is, as Pliny points out, of the same nature as those of the Magi of Aryan Persia. Some again think it absurd that if the Druids were such philosophers, as they are represented to have been, they would be so superstitious as to practise human sacrifices, and other wild rites. But there is no incongruity in at once being philosophic and superstitious;

the human mind is very hospitable in its entertainment of quite opposite opinions, especially in moral and religious matters ; for there is a wide difference between theories of the intellect and practices prompted by the emotions.

CELTIC RELIGION IN BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

In tracing the history of Celtic religion, we have established that the religion of the Gauls fully represents the pagan religion of both the great branches of the Celtic race—the Brythonic (Gauls and Welsh) and the Goidelic (Gaelic races). From Cæsar's account of the religion of the Gauls to the first native notices of even the history of Celtic Britain and Ireland, there is practically a period of a thousand years. During the interval, Christianity had established its sway, nominally at least, over the whole land, and paganism was for centuries a thing of the past. It may, however, be remarked that one or two Latin ecclesiastical histories appeared in the eighth century—notably the works of Adamnan and Bede, but we in vain scan the pages left us of their works for any definite information as to the previous religion. Gildas, a century before either of these writers, makes only a passing reference to the old faith. "I shall not," says he, "enumerate those diabolical idols of my country, which almost surpassed in number those of Egypt, and of which we still see [circ. A.D. 560] some mouldering away within or without the deserted temples, with stiff and deformed features as was customary. Nor will I call out upon the mountains, fountains, or hills, or upon the rivers, which now are subservient to the use of men, but once were an abomination and destruction to them, and to which the blind people paid divine honour." Our knowledge of the local development of Celtic religion in Britain and Ireland cannot be obtained directly from contemporary history: we have, it is true, some British inscriptions of the Roman period, which give, mid a host of minor and local deities, one or two important gods. But our information must be drawn, nearly all, from the heroic poems and tales, which do not date much earlier than a thousand years ago ; and most are far later than this period. For information as to the ritual of the old religion, local customs and superstitions—Beltaine bannocks and Samhuinn fires—form our only guides.

It will also be necessary to discuss separately the remains of the religion of the early Welsh and the early Gaels. The religion of the former we shall name "British," of the latter, "Gaelic." And it must be remembered that the Welsh are doubtless the remnant of the Gaulish population which, about the time of the Roman conquest, must have occupied England (except Cornwall and Wales) and Lowland Scotland. Gaul and England had, therefore, practically the same people and language in the first century of this era, and there now remain of them still speaking the language, the Bretons of France and the Welsh of Wales, from which country they drove out or absorbed the previous Gaelic population in the fifth century of our era, or thereabouts. The "Gaelic Religion" will include the early religion of Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland.

BRITISH RELIGION.

The gods of Britain suffered what appears to have been the "common lot" of gods; they were changed into the kings and champions, the giants and enchanters, of heroic tales and folklore. In the words of the poet:—

"Ye are gods, and behold, ye shall die, and the waves be upon you at last.
In the darkness of time, in the deeps of the years, in the changes of things,
Ye shall sleep as a slain man sleeps, and the world shall forget you for kings."

The great deity, "Belinus," appears in the pages of Geoffrey, of Monmouth, as a mere mortal conqueror. In company with his brother, Brennius or "Bran," he marched to the siege of Rome, when "Gaius and Porsena" were consuls! Gargantua appears twice as a British King, under the title of Gurgiunt. Camulus, the war-god, who gave his name to Camulodunum, now *Colchester*, is presented as Coel Hen, "Old King Coul" of the song, who gave his name to the Ayrshire district of Kyle. The god, "Nodens," is the Nudd of Welsh, and King Nuada, of Irish story; and Lir, the sea-god, is immortalised in the pages of Shakespeare as an old British king. Some of the gods fight under Arthur's banner, and perish on the battlefield of Camlan, along with him. There is, consequently, a considerable amount of confusion in the Welsh tales, which does not appear in the more consistent tales of Ireland. Probably, there were kings of the names of Beli, Coel, Urien, and Arthur, and there certainly were

kings and chiefs, of the names of Brennus, Cassibelaunus, and Caractacus, but their history is irretrievably mixed up with that of deities and demigods, possessed of similar names. Thus, Bran the Blessed, is a son of Lir, a personage of such gigantic proportions that no house could hold him, and evidently a degraded god, possibly a war-god. He next appears as father of Caradoc for whom he is sent as hostage to Rome, when the latter is conquered by Claudius. In Rome he is converted to Christianity, which he introduced into Britain, and hence his name of "Bran the Blessed." And again he is brother of Belinus, and the same as the Brennus of the Roman historians, who sacked Rome in B.C. 390. It is, therefore, a matter of great difficulty to take either history or myth out of the confusion in Welsh poetry and tradition, caused by a little knowledge of classical and Biblical history, a history which is interwoven with native myths and facts.

The inscriptions of Roman times show that the religious condition of Britain then differed in no respect from that of Gaul. The local deities were assimilated to the corresponding deities of Rome, and we have in Britain combinations like those met with in Gaul: the Roman deity has the corresponding British name attached to him on the votive inscription by way of epithet. Thus, at Bath, altars are dedicated to Sul-Minerva, Sul being a goddess unknown elsewhere. On the Roman wall, between the Forth and Clyde, the name of Mars-Camulus appears on the inscriptions, among many others to the "genii" of the places, the spirits of "the mountain and the flood," and to "Sancta Britannia" and "Brigantia," the goddesses of Britain and the land of the Brigantes respectively. The most interesting inscriptions were those found in the temple of a god discovered at Lydney Park, in Gloucestershire. One inscription bears to be to the "great god Nodon," which proves the temple to have been dedicated to the worship of Nodon, a god of the deep sea, figured on a bronze plaque as a Triton or Neptune borne by sea-horses and surrounded by a laughing crowd of Nereids. This deity is identified with the legendary Nudd, known in Welsh fiction only as the father of famous sons and in Irish story as King Nuada of the Silver Hand, who fought the two battles of Moytura, and fell in the second before "Balor of the Evil Eye," the King of the Fomorians.

Passing, however, to the Welsh legends and myths preserved in the "Ancient Books of Wales" and in the prose "Mabinogion," we can easily eliminate three principal families of deities, the children of "Don," of "Nudd," and of "Lir." Of these the first are purely Welsh, the second—the children of Nudd—have Irish equivalents both in name and office, while the children of Lir belong equally to both nations. The family of Don is evidently connected with the sky and its changes. He has given his name in Welsh to the constellation of Cassiopeia, called *Llys Don*, the court of Don. The milky way is named after his son, *Gwydion*, *Caer Gwydion*, the city of *Gwydion*; and his daughter *Arianrhod*, "silver-circled," inhabits the bright circle of stars which is called the Northern Crown. With the name Don may be compared that of the father of the Irish hero *Diarmat*, son of *Donn*. *Gwydion* is the greatest of enchanters—a prince of the powers of air. He can change the forms of trees, men, and animals, and along with "Math, the son of *Mathonwy*," his master, styled by Professor Rhys, the Cambrian Pluto, though rather a god of air than earth, he forms a woman out of flowers. "They took the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow-sweet, and produced from them a maiden, the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw." *Amaethon*, the son of Don, is a husbandman—doubtless a god of weather and crops. He has a fight with *Arawn*, king of *Annwn*, or Hell, for a white roebuck and a whelp, which he had carried off from the realms of darkness. The battle is known as the "battle of the trees," and in it *Gwydion*, by his divinations, won the victory for his brother, for he guessed the name of the person in the ranks of his opponents, which had to be guessed before either side won.

Nudd, like Don, is eclipsed by his family. He appears to have been god of the deep and its treasures. His son *Gwynn*, known always as *Gwynn ap Nudd*, is the Welsh king of the Fairies in the widest sense of the word. It would appear that *Gwynn* is no less a person than the god of the next world for human beings. He answers, therefore, to the king of "Tir-nanog," "Land of Youth" of the Irish legends, and "Tir-fo-Thuinn" of the Gaelic stories—the land below the waves. The son of the deep-sea god is naturally enough made lord over the happy realm

under the waves of the West. Christian bias, however, gave Gwynn a more sinister position. We are told that God placed him over the brood of devils in Annwn, lest they should destroy the present race. A Saint of the name of Collen one day heard two men conversing about Gwynn ap Nudd, and saying that he was King of Annwn and the Fairies. "Hold your tongue quickly," says Collen, "these are but devils." "Hold thou thy tongue," said they, "thou shalt receive a reproof from him." And sure enough the Saint was summoned to the palace of Gwynn on a neighbouring hill top, where he was kindly received, and bid sit down to a sumptuous repast. "I will not eat the leaves of the trees," said Collen; for he saw through the enchantments of Gwynn, and, by the use of some holy water, caused Gwynn and his castle to disappear in the twinkling of an eye. The story is interesting, as showing how the early missionaries dealt with the native gods. Gwynn, according to St Collen, is merely a demon. His connection with the lower world is brought out by his fight with Gwythyr, the son of Greidwal, for Cordelia, the daughter of Lir or Lud. She is represented as a splendid maiden, daughter of the sea-god Lir, "a blossom of flowering seas," at once a Venus and a Proserpine, goddess of the summer flowers, for whom there is a fight between the powers of the worlds above and below the earth respectively. Peace was made between these two deities on these conditions: "that the maiden should remain in her father's house, without advantage to either of them, and that Gwynn ap Nudd, and Gwythyr, the son of Greidwal, should fight for her every first of May, from thenceforth till the day of doom, and that whichever of them should be conqueror then, should have the maiden."

THE CROFTER ROYAL COMMISSION has completed the taking of evidence throughout the Highlands, finishing up in Glasgow and Edinburgh. Whatever may be the outcome of its labours, so far as the Report and proceedings thereon in Parliament are concerned, the Commission has already done unspeakable good, by exposing the evils of Highland estate management to the world. The Report will be looked forward to with great interest, but whatever it may recommend, public opinion will assuredly force a very great and early change in the relationship between landlord and tenant in the Highlands, to the advantage of both.

"PEERMEN" AND THEIR RELATIONS.

I THINK it may be useful to follow up Mr Linn's delightful paper with the little knowledge I possess on this head. I have a right to speak on the subject, seeing that in my very early life—when about six years of age—I acted the "Peerman" often when living at my grandfather's house in Corriebeag. I have held the fir torch in the byre when the servant was milking the cows, and I have accompanied her to the river, holding it when she went for her stoupfuls of water. At the slack time of the year the men of each household went to dig the roots of the fir trees out of the bogs, and they were placed uncut to dry, on what was called a "farradh." When winter came and lights were required, stock after stock was taken down and cut into neat, small candles, and if there was a very knotty stock it was called "stoc suiridhich," and carefully laid aside, to be given to some young man when his patience as a husband was to be tested, by the calmness he manifested over this very trying and difficult ordeal. A "leus," or torch of fir, was a sure protection against ghosts or evil spirits.

When, at that time I referred to, I lived at Corriebeag, Locheil-side, the nearest house to us was occupied by a woman who was considerably above a hundred years old. She had all her faculties and the force of a young woman until within three days of her death.

She was not an amiable woman, her temper was something awful, and she could improvise and compose verses of the most sarcastic and scurrilous sort up to the last day of her life. When the centenary of Prince Charles Stuart's raising his standard at Glenfinnan was held at that historic spot, the ladies and gentlemen driving past little dreamed that in a little hut by the roadside a withered old crone lived who actually remembered the gathering they commemorated, and who had seen Bonnie Prince Charlie at the head of his men. This old woman's grandson and his wife lived with her, and when the great-grandchildren were born she was sorely exercised on their account, in case the fairies might steal them, and among the other spells used by her to save her descendants from so sad a fate, she charred a piece of fir in

the fire, and made the sign of the cross with it daily on the infant. At the Dark Mile near Loch-Arkaig there are two hillocks, called respectively Tor-a-Mhuilt and Tor-a-Chrònain. The low wailing sounds heard there—the sobbing of the winds, the rustling of the leaves, the wimpling of brooks, and the waving of the branches of the trees, made the poetic and imaginative people of the country think they were hearing the dead holding converse in low whispering tones with one another.

They put it thus in a saying that has been handed down—

“Tor-a-Mhuilt is Tor-a-Chrònain,
Far am bi 'na mairbh a comhradh.”

The road leads between these low hills, and one night when a man was passing there, carrying the head of an enemy he had slain, a voice came to him alternately from each hill, saying “Fag an ceann,” “Leave the head;” to which request he each time replied, “Cha’n fhag mi ’n ceann,” “I will not leave the head.” At length the cry from each hill was “Mur bhi’ dhomhsa an leus giubhais tha os do chionn dh’fhagadh tu dà cheann,” “If it were not for the fir torch you hold above you, you would leave two heads.” That meant, of course, that he would leave his own head as well as the other. But he had taken the precaution of having a fir torch to light him on his way, as well as to protect him from harm, and his faith had its reward.

I have seen the bark of the birch used for light. They did not go to the wood to seek it for that purpose, but if a birch tree was being used, the bark was retained for light, along with the fir, or alone. The bits were dipped in grease or oil, each being called “beileag.”

The Gaelic name for the “roughy,” or “ruffy,” is “buaichd,” and I have often seen one made to give light during supper and the reading of the chapter; it was, of course, blown out when all knelt in prayer. Another improvised light of this sort is the “coinneal ghlas.” The grease is placed in a piece of old white cotton, and rolled into the shape of a candle. It gives a splendid light, but does not last long. I heard the following anecdote told about the “coinneal ghlas,” or “grey candle:”—Some Englishmen were passing the night at King’s House, in the Black Mount, and were complaining bitterly of the miserable light afforded them by one lean, sputtering tallow candle, when a

Highlander joined them. He, too, said he thought they were badly used in being supplied by this light, that only made the darkness visible, and on going out for a moment, he asked the landlady to make six large candles of the "coinneal ghlas" kind, and bring them to him all lighted when he called for them. He returned to the Englishmen; and, by-and-bye, they rose to go to bed, and the Highlander said he had to sit up late, having some writing to do; and added—"I must get better light." "If you can," said one of the strangers, with a sneer. The Highlander forthwith ordered in "six candles with the wicks on the outside." "Candles with the wicks on the outside," echoed all the Englishmen simultaneously in great surprise, and when they saw the blaze that surrounded the Highlander with those candles on his table, they went off to bed muttering something worse than "Well, I never." They did not know that the candles were blown out the moment after they left the room, nor how short a time they would last, even if they were left lighted.

The lowest form of artificial light in the Highlands was the following:—When the fire was getting spent, two or three fresh peats were put on, and when the side next the fire of those got charred, the cry "Tiondaidh foid," "Turn a peat," was given to the person most conveniently situated for that performance. Even that was better than the contentment with total darkness that existed in some districts. I have heard it said that in Blar-macfaoildeach, in Lochaber, when supper was ready, that the goodwife of the house used to go about groping for a hand, saying "Fair do lamh;" and having found the searched-for member, she placed a bowl in it, saying "So do shuipair." Verily, it might be said of each one who partook of that meal, "Great is thy faith."

It is interesting to know that it was cannel coal that Robert Burns used, and that by its light he wrote the greater number of his poems. The iron with which he used to break off the charred parts, in order to get a fresh blaze, was long in the possession of an old lady who is a personal friend of mine. She spent some years of her girlhood with Bonnie Jean, as companion to the poet's grand-daughter Sarah, and she gave this interesting bit of iron to some museum—I think in Jedburgh.

MARY MACKELLAR.

O R A N C E I L I D H.

LE MAIRI NIC-EALAIR.

O seid a suas, a phiop nam buadh,
 'S gu'n toir sinn cuairt air dannsa,
 Oir ged tha fuachd a' gheamhraidh cruaidh.
 Gu'm faigh sinn duais 'san t-samhradh.

O cairich mòine, a bhean chòir,
 Air cagailt mhoir gun ghainntir,
 'S bidh 'chuideachd òg a' toirt le deoin
 Duinn orain a bhios seannsail.

Gheibh sinn sgeul, air laoiach na Feinn',
 'S mu dhaoine treun ar seorsa,
 'Ni 'sinn le cheile lan do dh-eud,
 'Sa ni air euchd sinn deonach.

Is gabhar leinn ar n' orain bhinn,
 Is cha bhi sinn fo anntlachd,
 'S mur cheileir seinn aig eoin a' ghlinn',
 Bidh 'ribhead ghrinn a' channtair.

'S ged nach 'eil flùr, air gleann no stùc,
 'S na h-eoin gun dùrd 's na cranntan,
 Is glasan ùr gu daingean, dlù,
 A' ceangal lùb gach alltain.

Ged a thà gach gleann co fàs,
 Is sneachda bàn air beanntan,
 Thig fraoch fo bhlàth, is coill fo bharr,
 A nuair thig blàths na Bealltuin.

'S bidh eoin nan geug le coireal reidh,
 'Cur sùrd air seisdean bainne,
 'S bidh torman ciuin le 'orain ùr',
 Aig sruthain dhlù nan alltan.

O biomaid aoibhneach, cridheil, caoimhneil,
 Fad na h-oidhche gheamhraidh.
 Gun ghò, gun fhoill, mar eoin na coill,
 A' feitheamh soills' an t-samhraidh.

Cuir tuille mòine, a bhean chòir,
 Air cagailt mhoir gun ghainntir,
 Is bidh 'sinn comhla làn do shòlas,
 'S ni sinn ceol is dannsa.